Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe sayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe we
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, w
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſt
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortu
the maid aboord to vs, where by her owne moſt cle
brance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pe*

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gen

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is y

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewel
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my ho
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my ſ
to my ſence bend no licentious eare, but curbe it ſp
ing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?* like him
like him you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drown

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with te
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your preſe
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well, that
ching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers
Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yee

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.